I Know Him

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by Bad_Wolf_Rising

Summary

An idea from a tweet by @LovclyMikkelsen!

Hannibal invited him to see an Opera with him. Not missing the chance to spend some time with his beloved, he agreed, but he has some major regrets now. Each high note that echoed through the beautiful theater agitated his sensitive hearing, made him grip his seat and cringe. Hannibal was very much enjoying himself, but Will could not bring himself to enjoy the show. He had to leave or he'd have an aneurysm. He reached over, gently took Hannibal's hand. He traced along each vein in his hand until he had Hannibal's attention. He kissed each knuckle before he stood and quietly made his way out to the main lobby. The show was more tolerable to listen to with a few layers to mute the voices.

Will remained in the lobby until the show was over, two hours later. Mumbles became louder as people began to exit, to stand in the lobby and chat. Will watched out the window, some people coming, some people going. Over one hundred people came out at once, but there was only one he was searching for.

Will easily located Hannibal first by scent. Hannibal's scent was mostly masked by cologne, a very masculine, woodsy scent. Due to the very nature of his (their) diet, Hannibal had taken on a metallic smell. One would associate it with blood. Will wished he would never hide it. Try as he would, it would always be there. It called to Will whenever Hannibal was near.

He could hear his soft breath. He was older now, and the stairs from the theater were proving a little more challenging than they used to be. Each breath is even, but quick. His footsteps are soft and calculated. He's wearing dress shoes so his feet strike heel-to-toe. Amongst the sound of high heels clicking on marble floor, of men stomping their way around, he heard Hannibal's whisper of a footstep, a pause, near the center of the room. The soft sigh of relief when he found him.

That woodsy, metallic scent Will had come to love grew stronger, each step ringing in his ear as Hannibal quickly approached him. Even if his senses had been occupied, he would recognize his touch. The large hand the squeezed his shoulder so gently was such a familiar touch. No one had ever touched him the way Hannibal did. The way his hand slid down to his lower back was light, almost ticklish.

He'd know Hannibal by his mere presence alone. He could be standing there in the doorway. He could *feel* him, feel his fondness for Will radiating like heat from the sun.

"Hello, my love," Will said without turning around.

"How'd you know?" Hannibal asked despite knowing the answer.

Will turned around just as Hannibal rested his hands on his waist to pull him close. Will cupped his face in both hands. "Because I know you. I know how you smell, how you sound, how you taste, how you feel. I would know you when you mourn for me, I would know you in Hell." He pulled Hannibal down to kiss him softly. "I'm sorry I couldn't stay during the performance. My ears couldn't take it."

"That's alright. How about a walk tonight? The moon's full and the night sky will be clear."

“Sounds perfect,” he murmured.

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